“I get by with a little help from my doctors”

I still remember the day as if it was yesterday. I was lying on a cot waiting to be wheeled away from my mom and dad. The doctor handed me a small dose of grape medicine to calm me down because I was taken into surgery. The next thing I knew, I was awake crying out for my mom. The nurses brought her back, and within a few seconds I heard my mom’s voice cry out “Your so strong Ces, everything’s going to be okay”. I cried small tears of happiness that my mom was by my side, but also because I was starting to realize the pain I was in from the surgery. I was wheeled into my room, where I laid, and laid, and laid for hours flipping through the channels of the TV, waiting for something good to come on. I texted a few of my friends, nurses came in and out to check on me, and my parents were constantly in my ear asking me if I was feeling ok or if I needed anything. “I’m fine, I just don’t want to be in pain any longer” is pretty much the only thing I cried out all day long. Suddenly my eyes lit up, my 3 friends decided to surprise me with a visit. They brought flowers, cards, and some of my favorite treats. I sat up the best that I could, talked, and thanked my friends for being there for me. I was so happy to see them and see what they had given me. The doctors continually asked me if I needed anything and truly what I needed was to go home and lay in my own bed. The next morning, I was allowed to be released from the hospital. I waited for my parents to fill out the paperwork and I continued to wait in the hospital bed to be wheeled out of the hospital and into my car. The doctors and the cards given to me in the hospital is what kept me wanting to continue with my recovery, I tried for months after that to continue to keep taking care of body. I wanted nothing more than to be better happy, and healthy. I couldn’t have gotten through the surgery without the doctors, constantly making sure I was okay.

“I get by with a little help from my sisters”

My spring semester of freshman year I decided to rush a sorority. I know I may seem like one of those typical sorority girls in a rain jacket, or letters prancing around campus every day of the semester. But it’s a lot more than that, and I wear my letters because I am proud not because that I am obsessed with the fact that I am in a sorority. I earned my letters, each and every single one of them, Theta Tau Omega. The sorority has given me so many opportunities, and so much room to grow and improve myself as a person. I felt that sense of reassurance I needed when entering a whole new world away from home. I found people I can trust, people who will be there for me, and simply people to laugh with. The help these girls have shown me in less than a year has already made me a much better person. I learned leadership qualities, and learned so much about myself.

“I get by with a little help from myself”

I struggled to find what I want to do in this world, but once I finally discovered the path to get there, I was nothing be determined. I knew what I needed to do, and I helped myself achieve my goal by staying in school, getting good grades, and most importantly going after what I wanted. To help children, and to give back to the people that have helped me recover in my life. I want to be that person for some child’s life. I want to be reason someone can look forward to the next day ahead. I love to make people happy, and to someone who is sick and struggling I want nothing more to do for them to give back what was done for me. Therefore I will someday work for the Make A Wish foundation, or create my own foundation going towards children with kidney disease. I want to make a difference, and only myself can make that happen.